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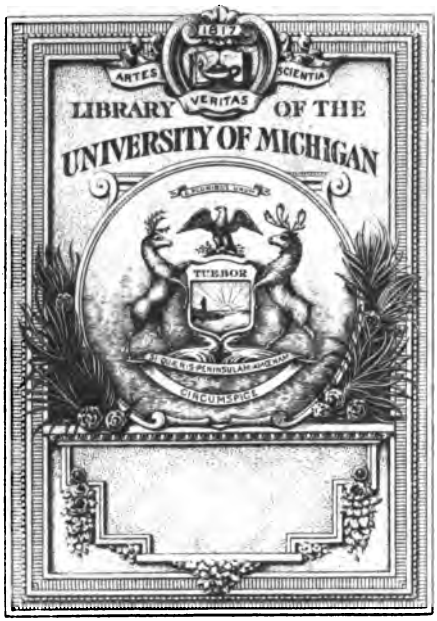

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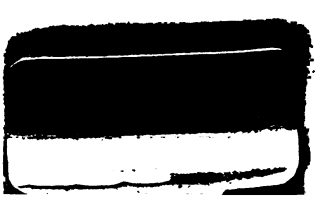

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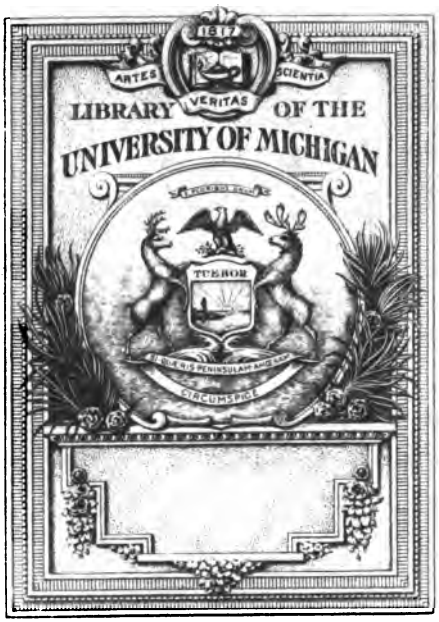

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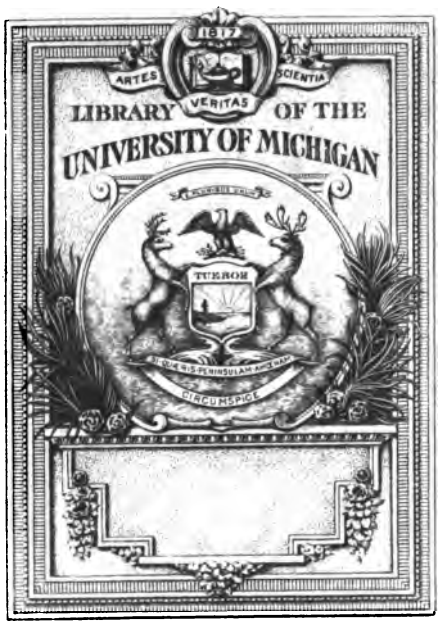

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THE TONY SARG MARIONETTE BOOK

UNIV. OF MICH.

THE TONY SARG MARIONETTE BOOK

Illustrated by TONY SARG

Text by
F. J. McISAAC

With Two Plays
for Home-made Marionettes by
ANNE STODDARD

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INTRODUCTION

THIS little book is about Tony Sarg and his marionettes. It aims to acquaint you with the lovable and unique personality of Tony Sarg, illustrator, cartoonist, and creator of marionettes; and to tell you about puppet shows, a little of their long and varied history and of certain matters connected with modern puppets which have probably awakened your curiosity, if you have been fortunate enough to see the plays acted by Mr. Sarg's artistic and expressive manikins.

Tony Sarg himself is responsible for a great deal of the information contained in this book. He has revealed some of the mysteries which make his marionette productions so different from ordinary puppet shows, and has spent hours with the author, telling him how he became interested in marionettes and how he developed the quaint old form of entertainment along the lines of the modern "artistic marionettes," as they are known in Europe, of which his dolls are probably the most charming examples of the present day.

Mr. Sarg has consented to tell young people how they may build marionette stages of their own and how to make and operate puppets. In this book, children who can work with tools, and have some dramatic instinct, will find instructions which will enable them to give successful marionette productions at home.

CHAPTER I

Tony Sarg, Illustrator, Cartoonist and Creator of Marionettes

Mr. Sarg's studio and workshop in New York is in West Ninth Street. A fantastic little doorplate, designed by the artist, announces that it is the home of Tony Sarg's marionettes.

The ground floor of the house is a combination cabinet-maker's and carpenter's shop, for it is here that the actual work of making the dolls, scenery and "props" is done. Mr. Sarg's studio is a large front room on the second floor. Here sits the artist, himself, at his littered drawing board, while the second floor rear is devoted to the paraphernalia of the marionettes.

What does he do at his drawing board? A variety of things. Sometimes it is the head of a new marionette which he is modeling; or he may be making a figure for

one of the animated cartoons, shown in "Tony Sarg's Almanac," now so popular in the movies; again it is a magazine illustration, or newspaper cartoon, or poster; and sometimes it is a mechanical drawing of a new invention in the way of a toy or marionette trick.

Tony Sarg is a true cosmopolitan. He was born in Guatemala; was educated in Germany; lived for many years in England, where he married an American wife, and came finally to the United States, which is now his home. In the winter he lives in New Jersey and in the summer in Nantucket, where he has bought and remodeled one of the quaint old houses for which the island is famous.

At the age of six, the little boy, Tony Sarg, was drawing pictures on the margins of his copy books and any blank piece of paper which came his way. The aunt and uncle with whom he lived did not take his art work seriously, although it was in his blood to draw, his grandmother having been an artist of no small ability; but when the lad was eighteen years old and his drawings were so much admired that he was engaged to illustrate a book for children, they realized that he had created a profession for himself. Tony Sarg still loves to draw, better than to do anything else—unless it is making marionettes or fishing! His little daughter has inherited his ability and is already making vigorous drawings, with a touch of her father's ever-present humor.

Tony Sarg has never had a teacher. He was advised —wisely in his case—to avoid the art schools, lest his remarkably individual drawings might lose character through academic instruction. His drawings have a spontaneous humor which is delightful; and this vein runs through all of his marionette productions. The little figures and animals are grotesquely humorous. No one who has seen one of Mr. Sarg's puppet shows could fail to recognize this quality and to know, as well, that their creator has a great love and understanding of children and the four-footed kindred.

At first the young artist, who had moved to London to take up his career in earnest, had a hard time earning his

living. He made decorative designs and sold them to commercial houses, eking out by that means a slender livelihood.

"I found my real field," he said, "when I sold my first sketch to a funny paper. My stuff caught on very well and I was soon figuring in the issues of nearly all the English comic papers. Finally I landed a job, which I kept for years, as theatrical artist of 'The Sketch.'"

One day, while he was prowling around London, Mr. Sarg noticed a quaint old building, which was believed to be the original "Old Curiosity Shop," made famous by Charles Dickens. It was in Lincoln's Inn Field. It happened that the artist needed a studio which should be both commodious and inexpensive, and the place caught his eye. The building was vacant and was being used as a storage place for waste paper. He was able to lease it for £80 a year.

There were two winding staircases in the "Old Curiosity Shop," one at each end of the house, and Mr. Sarg divided the top floor into two sections, the larger to be used as a studio. He cut skylights through the roof of this room.

The young artist was delighted over getting possession of the "Old Curiosity Shop" and at once set about to restore it. A tenant, who kept an antique shop, occupied the basement; and it happily occurred to him to furnish the second section of the top floor as "Little Nell's Bedchamber." A quaint little four-poster bed was set up, old engravings were hung on the walls, some curious toys placed in the corners—all was true to the Dickens period and spirit.

Tourists came to see the "Old Curiosity Shop" and to buy from the tenant in the basement. "Why not put out a sign," thought the artist—'Little Nell's bedchamber on the second floor, sixpence admission'?" This was done and, during the first year, paid admissions to "Little Nell's" chamber amounted to five times more than the rent of the building.

CHAPTER II

The Toy Collection and What Came of It

Tony Sarg had long been collecting toys. All his spare money went for toys that were curious or quaint, or interesting for one reason or another. Collecting toys is still one of his beloved hobbies. He told the author with glowing eyes that his collection, he believes, is now larger than that at the Kensington Museum in London.

This passion for collecting toys is natural enough, for Tony Sarg's grandmother also collected toys and bequeathed him her collection, along with her ability with the brush and pencil.

Collecting, in turn, led Mr. Sarg to read all the books on toys which he could find. One of these books, by Dorothy Neville, laments the decay of the marionette stage. A phrase caught and fired his imagination, "Would that an artist and enthusiast would revive this ancient art of the theatre."

"Why should I not be that artist?" Tony Sarg asked himself. In his toy collection he had many ancient marionettes from various countries, and he proceeded to study them.

The great library of the British museum naturally occurred to him as a source of information. He browsed in it eagerly, but to his surprise he found very little about marionettes. This was strange, since the puppet show has played an important part in the history of the drama from its earliest development. Such books as he found

were entirely devoted to the history of marionettes, but there was not a work in existence which dealt with the construction of figures and the methods of operating them. For practical purposes, the books in the British museum were of little help, save for an occasional woodcut, showing strings, or wires, or sticks, used in manipulating puppets.

Thrown entirely upon his own resources, and being naturally of an inventive and mechanical turn of mind, Mr. Sarg began to work out a system of his own, by which puppets might be operated.

Just at this time a marionette show came to London and played at a vaudeville theatre. It was owned by a man named Holden, who came of a family of puppet showmen. Marionettes had been the means of livelihood of this family for generations, and they had handed down from father to son the secrets of their almost extinct art. It is interesting, in this connection, to know that a vaudeville marionette show toured America recently, managed by Madam Jewel, who is a niece of the puppet showman, Holden.

It is characteristic of Tony Sarg that he gives credit freely for everything that has helped him in his career. "These Holden marionettes," he says, "were mechanically the best I had ever seen. They were almost miraculous.

"I attended more than fifty performances, studying them carefully. Finally I made the acquaintance of Holden himself, but I was never given the chance to see how his dolls were manipulated. The whole outfit behind the scenes was enclosed in a huge sheet of white canvas, and not even the stage hands were permitted to get a glimpse of the operations.

"Nevertheless, I have a mechanical eye, and by watching carefully I managed to guess a number of Holden's secrets. The most important was that the middle section of the body of every marionette was hollow, like an empty stocking, which enabled the doll to assume a natural sitting position. All others I had seen were made of solid wood. The stocking body made it possible for the figures

to walk in a lifelike manner, also, and this gave them a great advantage over ordinary puppets.

"Although the Holden marionettes were excellent mechanically, they were not handled by an artist. Obviously, from the costumes and scenery and the things they did, the puppet showman was an uneducated person. I could see the great possibilities, which the Holdens were completely overlooking.

"I made some marionettes with hollow bodies, and began to experiment with them. My first difficulty was that I had not enough fingers to hold all the strings, which moved the joints of the manikins. This brought about the invention of a rather complicated looking apparatus, which I call the controller. The operator holds the controller in his hands and it enables him to move as many as twenty-two strings with ease.

"Thus I produced a marionette which could make all the motions of the human body, move its eyes and mouth, and even smile. My dolls could pick up articles and put them down again, smoke pipes, blowing the smoke out of their mouths, even play musical instruments and do very good dances."

Tony Sarg's first marionette performance took place in the "Old Curiosity Shop," where a group of London artists, actors and newspaper people, were delighted with the antics of the dolls.

At this performance, one of the numbers on the programme was an Oriental sketch—which is still shown, although with much larger marionettes than the original figures—called "A Night in Delhi." In this little play two Hindu snake charmers figured with an active and supple serpent.

Mr. Sarg's first studio in New York was on the top floor of the Flatiron Building, in a triangular room with windows east and west. Here he erected a small stage and frequently gave marionette entertainments for the pleasure of his friends.

At this time Mr. Sarg became acquainted with Charles E. Searle, to whom he gives a generous share of the credit

for the present vogue of his marionettes. Mr. Searle has been an architect, an illustrator, and a cabinetmaker, by turns—an invaluable equipment for a maker of puppets. Several of the ingenious mechanical devices, which make the dolls more realistic, were invented by Mr. Searle.

Together the two men created a new production, which included a little play called "The Music Lesson," in which the most interesting figure was a singer, whose tiny chest rose and fell as she sang, in the manner of the real *prima donna*.

Winthrop Ames, the theatrical producer, who had become interested in the revival of marionettes in Europe, proposed to bring to America the wonderful marionettes of Munich, the suggestion having come originally from Clayton Hamilton, who was also fascinated by the quaint magic of the puppet play. Difficulties caused by the war prevented this plan from being carried out, but the idea still remained in the mind of Mr. Ames. When he saw one of Mr. Sarg's studio productions, he decided to bring out the Sarg marionettes in a New York theatre.

"It was through Mr. Ames that I was able to produce my first professional marionette play in a manner de luxe," says Mr. Sarg. "It was so 'de luxe,'" he added whimsically, "that it could not be anything but a financial failure, although it was an artistic success. Mr. Ames thought that the two-foot dolls I had been using were not big enough for the Little Theatre, and he and I decided that three feet would be ideal, neither of us having any idea what increasing the dolls a foot in size actually meant. Every additional inch caused a great increase in cost and working expenses.

"When we were finally ready to produce, we secured the Neighborhood Playhouse instead of the Little Theatre. We required twenty-four people behind the scenes, and two forty-foot trucks to move our stage settings and props. All this gave us a salary list in four figures.

"The reason why there were so many people behind the scenes, was that we supposed it necessary to secure both professional actors to speak the lines, and specially

trained puppeteers to operate the marionettes. Both actors and puppeteers stood on bridges twenty-two feet long, above the stage. If a string became snarled and the action delayed, the actors had to improvise dialogue to fill in the time.

"Mr. Ames and I had decided upon 'The Three Wishes,' a fairy play by Count Pocci, to begin our programme. The selection of suitable plays was very difficult. We considered a great many plays, from Maeterlinck's 'Death of Tintagiles' to 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' In the end Mr. Ames suggested that we have our own plays written to suit the accomplishments and necessities of the puppets. He gave me *carte blanche* and did not even see the plays until we were ready for the performance."

The production of "The Three Wishes" lasted only twenty minutes, and two other plays were needed to complete the entertainment. Mr. Sarg was fortunate in enlisting the aid of Mrs. Hamilton Williamson, a versatile writer, and explained to her the technique of the puppet play as he had evolved it. He wanted plays which would introduce characters, each of whom could perform some unusual trick, or possessed striking individuality. He also wished several animals to be included in the plays, as puppet beasts are particularly charming. It was desirable to feature tricks which could hardly be performed by living actors, but which puppets, with their more than human abilities, could do very well. Fairies were needed, and figures which might be transformed by clever manipulation—a fine field for works of magic and enchantment.

"Our Doctor Magicus," said Mr. Sarg, "could make thin people fat, and fat people thin; short people, tall, and tall people, short, before the eyes of the audience! You could see the clothes tearing to shreds as one little puppet, crying with growing pains, became a giant under the spells of Doctor Magicus.

"Mrs. Williamson wrote 'The Green Suit' for us and 'The Stolen Beauty and the Great Jewel,' both charming little plays admirably suited to our marionettes. It hap-

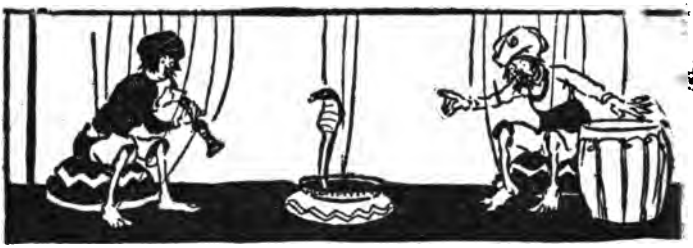
pened that one of the actresses owned a tiny monkey, and it occurred to me to utilize it in one of our plays. I introduced a puppet organ grinder, who appeared with the monkey on the stage. The audience supposed the little creature to be a marvelously clever puppet. I have a number of letters congratulating me upon this supposed marionette."

Despite the flood of complimentary press notices and the delight of the audiences, the great expense of the marionette production, which moved from the Neighborhood Playhouse to the Norworth Theatre and then to the Punch and Judy Theatre, made financial success impossible, and also prevented Mr. Sarg from sending the troupe on the road. The three-foot dolls were much too large for practical purposes, besides, and the flock of actors and "puppeteers" behind the scenes were always getting in one another's way.

Mr. Sarg, after this experiment, decided upon eighteen inches as the ideal height for puppets. He believed that the show would be more effective on a smaller scale. It occurred to him, also, that if the puppeteers could both manipulate the strings and speak the lines, the number of people behind the scenes could be reduced by half. It was found that this was entirely practical.

Thackeray's fairy tale, "The Rose and the Ring," had been suggested as suitable for puppets, with some adaptation. Mr. Sarg planned an outline of scenes and incidents, which he gave to Miss Hetty Louise Mick, as the basis of her dramatization of the tale. Miss Mick's version of "The Rose and the Ring" is a delightful puppet play. Several interesting transformations are included—the porter is magically changed into a door knob, and the ugly dowager becomes a fresh young beauty. All of these transformations, done while one watches, are obviously beyond the capabilities of the living actor.

"Rip Van Winkle," dramatized for puppets by George Mitchell, was the successor to "The Rose and the Ring." The dolls for this play are two feet in height, and this size has proved so successful that Mr. Sarg proposes to stick to two-foot marionettes in future.



CHAPTER III

Some Marionette Miracles and How They Are Done

Certain feats performed by Tony Sarg's marionettes are always astonishing and perplexing to those who have seen his productions. For this little book Mr. Sarg has consented to reveal the ways in which a number of his "miracles" are performed.

Perhaps the greatest surprise of all occurs when the audience at the puppet show sees the showman appear on the stage among his marionettes. A curious illusion is created—the showman appears gigantic, a Colossus, while the dolls seem the size of ordinary human beings. One would expect that the appearance of the human figure among the manikins would dwarf them instantly, but the contrary is true.

This optical illusion was at first as much of a surprise to Mr. Sarg as it was to the audience. During the preparation of the production, he was continually busy with the dolls and was never far enough away from them to get the full force of the strange effect.

At the close of the first public performance, which was at the Neighborhood Playhouse, the enthusiastic audience called for Tony Sarg, and the artist decided, on the spur of the moment, to walk on to the stage—although the proscenium arch was only six feet high—leading little Greta, a charming marionette who belonged to the cast of "The Green Suit." Both Greta and Mr. Sarg bowed to the audience, while a murmur of astonishment rose from the house. Then the applause broke ou. 'and

Mr. Sarg's friends, hurrying back stage, reported to him the curious illusion. He seemed twelve feet high, they told him, and looked as though he weighed five hundred pounds.

The explanation is simple enough—the dolls are perfectly proportioned and all the scenery and properties made to scale. The audience, who have been looking at the marionettes for some time, with nothing by which the eye can gauge relative height, visually accepts the figures as life-size. Then, the introduction of the living person among the manikins, causes the man to appear out of scale, and not the dolls.

When he became aware of this curious illusion, Mr. Sarg at once added it to his bag of tricks; and Mr. Searle, who now travels with the show, always comes out on the stage with the dolls at the close of the performance, and is always rewarded by gasps of astonishment and rousing applause.

One sultry evening, a gentleman returning from a performance of "The Rose and the Ring," in which a lion takes part, was heard to remark to his wife, "That fellow inside the lion's skin must have been warm enough!" He was still under the illusion of the play, and for the moment did not remember that the lion he had just been watching was not a man in a lion's skin, as is usual on the stage, but only a tiny marionette.

In the play of "Rip Van Winkle," Nick Vedder, the innkeeper, sits smoking a long pipe—a trick which has perplexed many people. Here is Mr. Sarg's explanation of the way in which this feat is performed.

A rubber tube runs through the body of Vedder and emerges at the middle of his back. Another tube goes through one of the legs of the chair in which he sits, and runs back stage. The arrangement is such that, when he is seated, the tube in his back is connected with the tube in the chair; and when he rises, he disconnects himself. Directly back of Vedder, and behind the back-drop, stands one of the puppeteers with a lighted cigarette. Through

a tiny hole in the curtain, the operator watches the motions of Vedder, and, when he puts his pipe into his mouth, blows a puff of smoke through the tube. It is forced out

of the bowl of Vedder's pipe. The operator puffs regularly and so does the puppet. Finally, the doll arises and walks off, without showing the tube, and the audience is completely mystified.

In "The Green Suit," a fat puppet, bewitched by Doctor Magicus, shrinks to alarming thinness. Afterwards he

is restored to his original rotundity. These transformations occur before the eyes of the audience.

The way the "miracle" is performed is this: Inside the fat doll is a rubber ball, something like the bladder inside a college football. This is inflated, when the character is fat; and to make him thin, all that is necessary is to let the air out of the bladder, which is done by means of a rubber tube, connected back stage, much as Vedder's smoking device was connected.

Originally, a toy balloon was used, but it proved too frail for the purpose. One day an amusing catastrophe happened. The puppeteer behind the scenes, a young girl, was blowing vigorously into the tube connected with the balloon in order to inflate the puppet—but she blew too hard, the balloon burst, and the doll instantly collapsed. The actor, who was speaking the part, saved the day, however, by his quick wit, improvising new lines to fit the situation.

One of the most ingenious of all Tony Sarg's marionette transformations is that of Porter Gruffanuff in "The Rose and the Ring," who is turned into a door knocker by the fairy whom he has insulted.

The figure of Gruffanuff is fitted with thirty-six different strings. There is one complete set on top; and another set, which works from the back-drop and brings about the transformation.

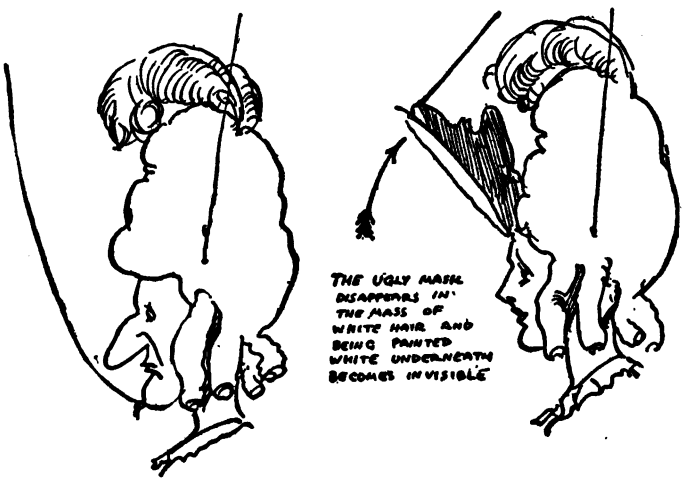
The body of the porter is hollow and so are his legs. As long as he stands upright, he seems like the other marionettes, but when the moment arrives for the transformation, the strings which are attached to the door, being pulled in succession, drag the body through a small opening. This opening is placed where a knocker should be on the palace door, which forms the back-drop. Gruffanuff shrieks with pain, as his body is contracted and pulled through the tiny hole, leaving his ugly head to serve as a knocker.

At the close of the play, the fairy brings Gruffanuff

back to life, the upper set of strings drawing him out of the door again.

The transformation of the Countess Gruffanuff, in the same play, from a hideous dowager to a beautiful young girl, and back again, is managed in an entirely different way.

This puppet's face is an extremely ugly mask, which covers a beautifully modeled head, and is attached to it at the chin. The lining of the ugly mask is made to represent a pompadoured coiffure.



At the moment of the transformation, the lights flicker for a second, the mask is quickly pulled up and turned inside out by means of the strings, revealing the beautiful face, framed in becoming pompadoured hair, which is the lining of the mask.

No one has yet been able to guess the method by which this transformation was accomplished.

While marionettes can perform many feats impossible to the human actor, some of the simplest acts of the living

being are extremely difficult for them. For instance, it is only by the greatest ingenuity on the part of their creator that Tony Sarg's dolls are able to pick up objects and put them down again—a feat which, for obvious reasons, used to be considered impossible for marionettes.

"Prince Bulbo," in Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring," drops the magic rose, stoops down and picks it up again—not a sensational puppet "miracle" to those who do not understand marionettes, but astonishing to those who do know the difficulties.

It is done as follows: In Bulbo's hand is a loop of wire, through which runs a string which is attached to the magic rose, and holds up Bulbo's hand. An additional string is fastened to his wrist. The rose is weighted with lead, and when Bulbo is ready to drop it, the string which holds the rose and holds up his hand, is released; the hand falls and the rose drops to the floor, still attached to the string. Bulbo kneels, and touches the rose by means of the wrist-string, whereupon the puppeteer releases the

wrist-string, pulls the rose-string, and Bulbo rises triumphantly with the blossom in his hand.

One of the amusing moments in "The Three Wishes" occurs when Margaret finds the string of sausages, for which she had wished, attached to her nose. The sausages are concealed in the pocket of Margaret's apron until the moment for the catastrophe. A string runs from the sausages through one of her nostrils, to the operator, who pulls it, and presto! the sausages are attached to the unfortunate woman's nose in a twinkling.

CHAPTER IV

Puppet Play in History[1]

The ancient art of puppet play stretches back to the remote shadow-land of the past. Marionettes were known to ancient Greece and Rome; they flourished in ancient China, Japan, Siam, and throughout the East, where puppet play and shadow play exist at the present time; they furnished in Europe during the Middle Ages a great source of entertainment to the masses, nor were they relegated to the realms of comedy alone. Even among the American Indians, articulated dolls were used during ceremonial dances. Puppet play has, in its time, invaded virtually all civilized countries and every field of dramatic art, from the mystery and miracle plays given under the auspices of the church, to comedy, tragedy and political drama.

Perhaps no other stage has so clearly reflected the spirit of its time in parodies, satires, and daring farces; and with it must be associated many great names of those who have fallen under the fascination of its quaint magic—

[1] This chapter is an adaptation of part of a paper entitled "The Renaissance of the Puppet Play," written by Anne Stoddard and printed in "The Century" for June, 1918. This material is used by permission of The Century Co.

Goethe, Haydn, George Sand, Ben Jonson, Swift, Maurice Maeterlinck, and many others.

In Italy, which, speaking inexactly, may be called the birthplace of the marionette stage, improvised dramas, vast and legendary, sprang up around the character and exploits of certain comic heroes, who trace their lineage back to the burlesque actors of ancient Rome. These heroes of the character comedy appear to have been borrowed from the regular stage for the puppet show. Some of them we still have with us—Punch, known in Italy as *Pulcinella;* Harlequin, known as *Arlecchino;* Scaramouche, known as *Scaramuccio.* There were, besides, a score of other characters, with whom we are not so well acquainted.

Pulcinella, or Punch, it is believed, grew out of the personality of the Roman clown, Maccus, of whom a portrait-bronze has been unearthed which strongly resembles Judy's irascible husband, hooked nose, nut-cracker chin, and all!

Harlequin, too, is another of these aristocrats of the stage. His family tree is also proudly ancient, and from his costume, a parti-colored garment, small hat, soleless shoes, and black mask, it is evident that he is descended from the comic actors of Rome, who wore a similar habit.

These legendary characters still figure in puppet play in Italy, and wherever Italians congregate. The Italian cities have their favorite puppet heroes—*Pulcinella* and *Scaramuccio* are Neapolitan, *Arlecchino* is of the Bergamo Valley, and so on. The Sicilian plays are almost invariably founded upon the same theme, Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso."

The "Orlando Furioso" is an endless representation of the adventures of the knightly champions of Charlemagne, and "Orlando" himself is identical with Roland, mightiest of the Paladins. The play is continued from night to night, and followed by its patrons with intense interest, although they know its incidents by heart. The dolls used in the traditional marionette plays are gaudily dressed figures, sometimes five feet in height and very

heavy; some of them, according to one of the operators, weighing as much as a hundred pounds. He adds that the weight of the marionettes necessitates frequent repairs to the floor boards of the stage. These dolls are primitive in construction and are usually controlled by four or five wires.

But let us return to the fascinating Mr. Punch! According to some authorities, this descendant of the renowned Maccus came alive in Italy about the year 1600, and was carried to England, where a permanent theatre was established after the Revolution of 1688, for the purpose of presenting the plays which had grown up around his anything-but-praiseworthy character. Judy, a wife for Punch, was introduced; also a child, and a devil, and so the naughty fellow was well started on his long career of crime.

But the Punch of the Middle Ages was not restricted to the Punch and Judy show, as we know it to-day. He played many roles in many forms of drama, and frequently figured in religious plays and political satires. But always Punch is a very prince of villains, beating Judy, his wife, with a cudgel, belaboring the child, or *Diavolo*, or the unfortunate policeman.

France, Germany, Spain, even Turkey, have each their own Punch, as well as Italy and England. He is known under many names—*Pulcinella*, *Polichinelle*, *Guignol*, *Hans-Wurst*, *Don Christoval Polichinelo*, and *Karagoz* (Black Eye, who is Turkish)—but, find him where you will, he is the same naughty rogue the world over.

Carried from Italy, a puppet epidemic spread through Europe of the Middle Ages. Very early in the history of the church marionettes were permitted to perform sacred dramas, legends of the saints and miracles of faith. The word "marionette" is probably of churchly origin, dating from the time when the Venetians called the wooden dolls in the religious processions "mariettes," or little Mary's.

In 1575—July 14 to be exact—the Lord Mayor of London wrote a letter, authorizing "Italian marionettes to settle in the city and to carry on their strange motions

["motion" was the mediæval term for marionette production] as in the past and from time immemorial."

From the early years of the seventeenth century wandering puppet showmen carried their light stages from one English parish to another, performing plays of Biblical origin and deeds of the saints, varied occasionally by a display of hobby-horses or the bold forays of the beloved outlaw, Robin Hood. These traveling showmen carried instruction and entertainment to rural communities, much as a theatrical production of to-day, on the road, brings its bit of Broadway to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, or Chicopee, Massachusetts.

In the year 1642, the quarrel which had grown up between the Puritans and the stage, resulted in the closing of all theatres in England save those devoted to marionette productions. This was the opportunity of the puppet-showmen, who flocked to England from France and Italy. The whole repertory of the great theatres in every field of drama was at their disposal, and many of the notable writers of the time composed plays for the little wooden actors.

A play bill, dating from the reign of Queen Anne, calls attention to a play produced by marionettes which had a tremendous vogue, staged "with great pomp of costumes and decorations, called 'The Universal Deluge,' in five acts, with a scene showing the entrance of Noah and his family into the Ark, accompanied by all the animals, two and two, a drama of the young Mr. Powell."

This "young Mr. Powell" installed his marionettes opposite the Cathedral of St. Paul, and they proved so attractive that the worshipers turned in at the puppet show instead of going to church, to the great annoyance of the clergy. Indeed, the young Mr. Powell soon became so impudent with success that he timed his performance for the same hour as the sermon, and availed himself of the church bell as a summons to his entertainment.

In France the marionettes, which first appeared in religious drama, were driven from the church about the middle of the seventeenth century. They soon reappeared

in secular drama, however, and we read that during the reign of Louis XIV, the versatile Jean Brioché, who was the founder of a long line of puppet showmen, set up his booth on the Pont Neuf, where he gave marionette entertainments and extracted teeth between performances.

Puppet play in France has had an exceedingly rich development, and many great writers have delighted in it. Much has been written about George Sand's marionette plays at Nohant; and Voltaire, too, used to bring companies of puppet players to his house at Cirey where, in all probability, his own satirical lines were first spoken as dialogue for manikins.

In Paris to-day, in the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, and in the Champs-Elysées, where children congregate, little ones and their nurses may be seen enjoying the antics of *Guignol*, who is no other than our old friend Mr. Punch, masquerading under one of his many aliases.

In Germany the puppets profited vastly by the disagreements between the clergy and the stage. Beginning with the year 1680, productions by living actors were suppressed for a period of ten years. Always ready to profit by an ill wind for the regular theatre, the puppet managers soon took possession of the playhouses, as they did in England, and the people speedily followed. The actors, out of employment, were obliged to enter the service of the puppet showmen, speaking the lines to accompany the parts acted by the dolls.

Goethe acknowledges his indebtedness to the marionette stage, from which he derived the original idea of "Faust." As a child, Goethe played with a little puppet stage given him by his grandmother on a Christmas eve, and at the age of twenty he wrote a comedy for marionettes called "Festivals of the Fair of Plundersweilern."

Joseph Haydn composed expressly for puppets—I quote from Ferrigni's "History of Puppets"[1]—"some of the

[1]The author wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness for historical material specially to "A History of Puppets," by "Yorick." (P. Ferrigni), published in "The Mask," Vol. V.

brightest and most graceful little plays in the world. One of the first was his 'Toy Symphony,' in which all of the musicians abandon the orchestra, one at a time, and put out the light, until only a violin is left to scrape the last note. Then there was 'The Children's Fair,' another symphony for a full orchestra, the orchestra consisting of only such instruments as are given to children as playthings—small drums, whistles, tiny trumpets, jew's-harps, rattles, cymbals, bells, and so forth."

In Munich there is a municipal theatre, built for children, the actors on whose stage are wooden dolls. This exquisite little edifice, which stands in one of the park spaces, is rich in scenery and furnished with nearly a thousand puppets. It was here that "Papa" Schmidt, beloved of the children, exercised his quaint and difficult art.

And this brings us to the "artistic marionettes" of the present day, so called in order to distinguish them from the old order. Most people are aware that there has been a revival of this ancient art, a revival which has spread throughout Europe and America. The most notable creators of the new "artistic marionettes" are Paul Brann, in Munich, Gordon Craig, in Florence, and Tony Sarg, in New York.

It was from Herr Schmidt that Paul Brann, director of the celebrated Munich theatre of marionettes, received his first instruction. At Herr Brann's playhouse, elaborate though small, and equipped with a revolving stage, tragedies of Maeterlinck, comedies by Arthur Schnitzler, and mediæval folk-plays of Hans Sachs, have been most artistically presented.

Gordon Craig, in Florence, has attempted to supplant the living actor by the puppet, believing that all things possible to dramatic art are within the range of his marionettes.

Tony Sarg, in America, on the other hand, availing himself of the decorative quality of the new stagecraft, as well as the fantastic atmosphere created by the puppets, and their own grotesque charm and humor, has kept

his marionettes—where one may perhaps be forgiven for feeling that marionettes belong—in the realm of Make Believe.

The revival of puppet play has spread to several cities of the United States, where groups of artists are making marionettes and producing plays acted by manikins. The most notable work in America, until the advent of Tony Sarg, has probably been done in Chicago under the directorship of Maurice Browne and his wife, Ellen Van Volkenburg.

CHAPTER V

Home-Made Marionettes and Stagecraft

Perhaps the simplest of all marionette stages was that used by George Sand, the great French novelist, for the entertainments given by herself and her son Maurice, at Nohant. This was a large armchair, turned with its back to the audience, a cardboard frame arranged in front of it, with a curtain to be rolled up and down. The operator knelt in the seat of the chair, the stage opening being above his head, and the puppets, which consisted merely of empty dresses hung upon carved wooden heads, were placed upon his hands.

A stage, somewhat similar to that used by George Sand, but arranged for a different type of puppets, may be made in the following manner. An armchair is placed with its back to the audience, and the operator, kneeling on the chair, manipulates the dolls on the floor, by means of strings. A high screen is placed around the chair, concealing it and the operator. A space is cut in the lower part of the screen for a stage opening, twice the height of the dolls which are to be used, leaving the floor as practically the bottom of the cut-out space. A plain cloth should be dropped over the back of the chair to form a background for the marionettes.

Punch and Judy, almost literally as old as the hills, belong to the same type of puppets as the marionettes of Madame Sand. They are usually empty and flexible figures, animated by the thumb and two fingers of the

performer, who exhibits them by holding both hands above his head.

Puppets operated from below by means of rods, or by the legs of the doll itself, comprise another distinct class of marionettes.

The true marionettes, however, are of a third type, those manipulated from above by means of wires, or strings, which give life and motion to the figures as they are handled by the operator, or puppeteer. The marionettes of Tony Sarg, and virtually all modern puppets, belong to this latter class.

In their essence, the methods by which marionettes are operated to-day are the same as those employed in the Middle Ages, although modern puppets have been greatly elaborated and improved. Primitive dolls, still used in Italy, and wherever Italians congregate, for presenting the traditional dramas, are clumsy affairs of wood, manipulated by wires, with none of the flexibility, or accom-

plishments, of the modern marionette. Some of these figures are five feet in height and very heavy.

Any boy, or girl, who can use tools, and possesses ingenuity and a certain amount of dramatic instinct, can make his, or her, own marionettes at home, build a stage, and devise stage-settings. There is a great fascination about making puppets. Create a single manikin, make him walk and talk—and you will fall under the quaint and compelling spell of the puppet play.

There is so much that one can do with puppets, so many difficulties to overcome, so many delightful effects to be worked out and experiments to be tried, that the young puppeteer need never again be at a loss for entertainment. He may work on one doll for an hour, or a week, as may please his fancy; he may design and build his stage, experimenting with it in any number of ways; he may make his staging as simple, or as elaborate, as he pleases; he may write his own plays, if he so wishes! And the matter of making and designing costumes offers a wide field for originality, skill and artistic instinct. The nimble fingers of little sisters or girl-friends will be needed for puppet dressmaking, as well as gay scraps of silk and cotton from the family work bag.

It is well to begin simply and to work out more complicated effects and tricks, as one becomes proficient in making and handling the dolls. The "miracles," described in another chapter, require skill on the part of the puppeteer as well as their creator, and should not be attempted by the beginner.

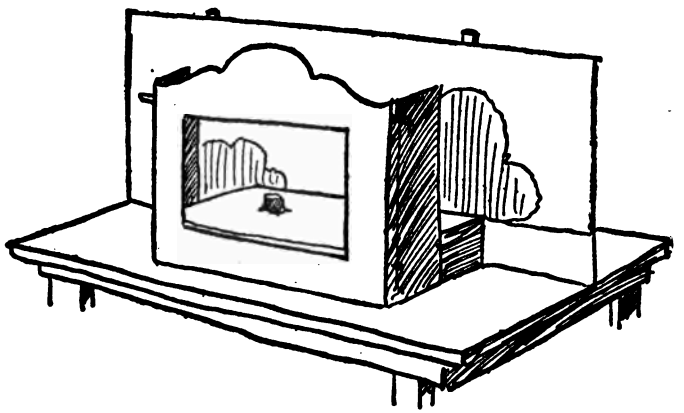
Mr. Sarg's little daughter has become expert in devising and handling her own marionettes, and enjoys them almost as much as her father does. For the benefit of other children, who wish to make marionettes at home, Mr. Sarg has passed along to the author the suggestions which he gave to his own young puppet-enthusiast to help her in making her dolls and constructing a stage for her entertainments. These suggestions follow:

First of all, one must have a box, such as can be secured

at the grocery store, to serve as a stage. This box should be about three feet long, by a foot and a half in width, and any depth it may happen to be.

Set the box upon a strong table, the long side facing the audience—a substantial table, but not a valuable one, as the operators must stand upon it.

The next thing to be considered is the proscenium arch, which is really a kind of frame for the stage opening. An

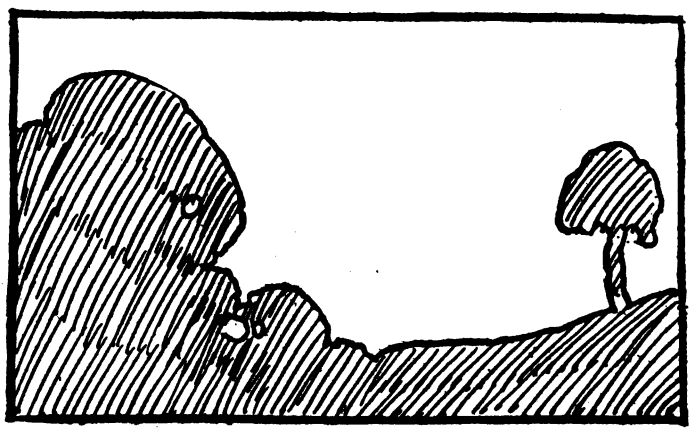


old-fashioned gilt picture-frame, the wider and more ornamented the better, would make an excellent proscenium arch; or, if there happens to be no picture frame which may be used, a large sheet of cardboard, with an opening cut about two feet wide by a foot and a half high, will serve very well. This may be decorated with water-color, or covered with gilt paper, pasted fast. It must be remembered, however, that no color must be used in the proscenium arch which will conflict with the colors which have been chosen for the costumes and settings of the play.

The back-drop must then be constructed. This, too, may be a large sheet of cardboard, and a frame must be devised to hold both proscenium arch and back-drop firm and upright. For further suggestions, see drawing.

The back-drop affords the child a wide field for decora-

tion. It may be reversible, painted gray, or pasted over with plain gray paper on one side, for the interior scenes; and green, or blue, on the other, for the outdoor scenes, with a decoration of trees cut out of darker green paper and pasted on.



Other colors, of course, may be used for the back-drop. Plain gray is suggested for interiors because it will harmonize with any color scheme planned for costumes and stage-settings.

If one of the children is clever with a paint-brush, almost anything is possible to the back-drop—a garden scene, with statues and flower beds, painted on the cardboard; an interior which will suggest a palace, or a hovel, according to the requirements of the play. These decorations should be confined to the flat back-drop, however, rather than introduced in properties which might catch and tangle the strings of the marionettes, causing disaster to the performance.

Certain "props," furniture, and the like, are necessary to the action of the plays you are to produce. Decide just what these "props" are to be—toy furniture will do, if it is in correct proportion to the dolls—and add only such additional objects as will make the setting more

attractive, but will not be likely to tangle the strings. Bits of greenery, flowers, and twigs, for instance, would interfere seriously with the action of the marionettes.

The lighting of this miniature stage is an easy matter if there is electricity in the house. A portable reading lamp, placed so that it will shine directly on the stage, will furnish daylight; covered with a piece of blue silk will serve as moonlight. For firelight, cover the lamp with red. Numerous lighting effects may be worked out by ingenious children. The room must be darkened, of course, while the stage is lighted.

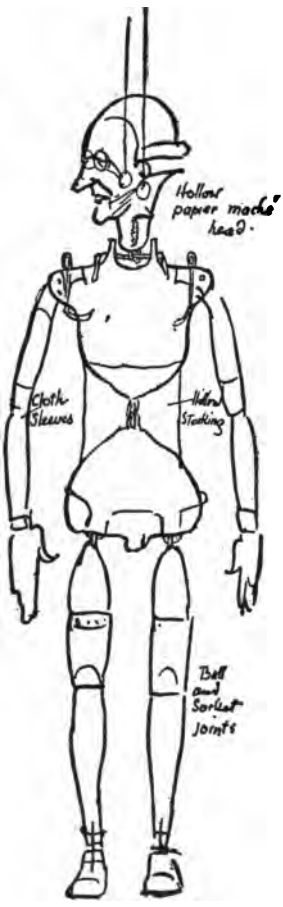
Next comes the stage curtain, which should either be one with rings, which can be pulled aside, or a small window shade, if it can be fitted firmly into the frame which holds the proscenium arch and back-drop. It is essential that the stage curtain be one which can be quickly lowered and raised, as even in professional marionette productions, emergencies will occur, when the curtain must be instantly dropped, if the strings have become entangled, and the unfortunate doll left helpless in some absurd position. When this happens, drop the curtain, untangle the strings, and raise the curtain again as quickly as possible.

A good place for the stage would be in a doorway, where portières are used—a double doorway, if possible. Pin the portières over the top of the stage (which stands on a table, as we have said) draping them around the opening. This will hide the young puppeteers, who must stand on the stage table, to manipulate the dolls. It will also provide room for interested spectators, who always crowd back stage to see how the thing is done.

And now for the marionette, himself! For home-made puppets, rag dolls, about seven inches high, which can be bought at any toy store, are best. They are cheap, flexible, and easy to convert into puppets.

Or, if one wishes, lay figures—jointed manikins, which are used by artists and can be bought at art stores—will serve, or almost any kind of doll, restrung so that its joints are very loose.

The first thing to do in converting any kind of doll into a puppet is to loosen the joints so that knees, elbows and neck will move easily. A flexible puppet, which responds to a touch on the strings, is a good puppet; a stiff puppet, however attractive otherwise, is always a bad puppet.



To loosen the joints of a rag doll, take the stuffing out of the arms, legs and neck, where the joints are placed, and fix them with a needle and thread in such a way that they become as flexible as if they were hanging by one thread only. For instance, if you hold the doll upright, after the joints have been loosened, the head should flop down and rest on the chest, and the knees, when bent, should double up completely.

Mr. Sarg, himself, cuts the bodies of the dolls in two at the waist-line, and inserts a short section of stocking, which forms a hollow waist. This gives the figures greater facility in walking, and also enables them to bend more easily.

In the rag doll, the stocking section may be sewed into the body, but it is not absolutely necessary, as the hollow waist was invented for more complicated puppets.

Strings should be attached to each arm at the wrist, each leg at the knee, and two strings should be attached to the head, one at each ear. Or, instead of head strings, it is a good device to run a piece of stiff, thin wire through

the head. A slight turn of the wire in the operator's hand will then cause the head to move naturally. The wire will be useless, however, if it revolves inside the head.

Professional marionettes are fitted with many strings—some of Mr. Sarg's dolls have as many as twenty-six—but their manipulation is too difficult for the beginner, who would do well to start with simple head-, wrist-, and leg-strings. As he becomes expert in moving the dolls, the inventive child will work out additional strings for himself, and will be surprised to discover what a variety of accomplishments are possible to his little actors.

The strings should be of strong, black linen thread, as black strings are less noticeable than those of color. Use carpet-thread, or ordinary black linen thread, such as is used for sewing on shoe buttons.

The feet of the male characters should be opened and some shot, or something equally heavy, inserted to weight the figures. This will help the dolls in walking. The most difficult thing for the young puppeteer to learn is to make the dolls walk naturally.

Female characters with long skirts need not have leg-strings, but can be floated in, although leg-strings are always better. Female characters with short skirts must have leg-strings.

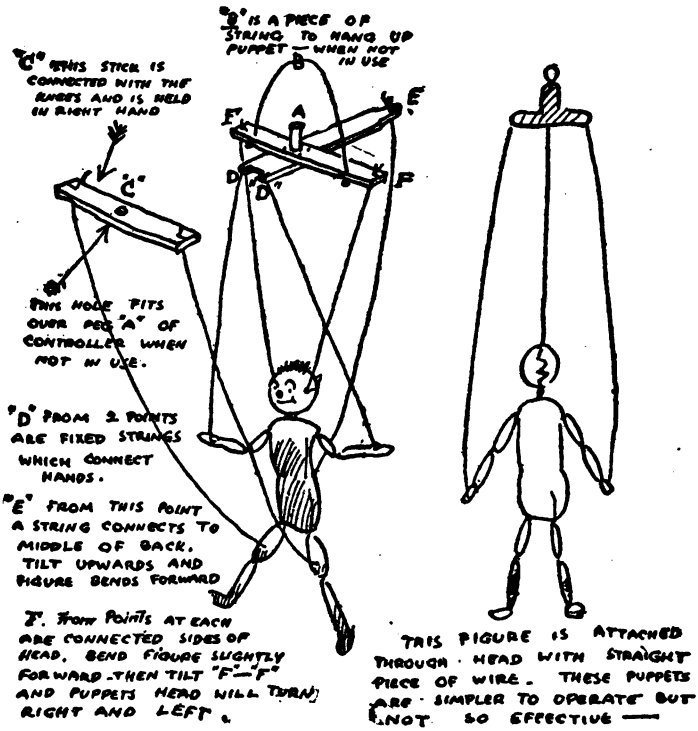
For the animals introduced into the plays, toys are practical. Many animals, such as lions, bears and dogs, which can be converted into charming puppets, may be bought at the toy shops. One of Tony Sarg's most successful puppets was a paper snake, which was bought at an Oriental store. The animals, like the human figures, must be loosened at the joints and fitted with strings.

If you cannot buy a wolf at the toy store for the play of "Red Riding-Hood," use the most wolfish-looking dog you can find. Make some small alterations to his ears and tail, dye him gray, and you will have a life-like wolf.

The strings belonging to each doll, with the exception of the leg-strings, should be fastened to a cross, made of two strips of wood, one about a foot long, and the other nine inches, with a leather strap tacked over the crossing,

which must form a loop sufficiently large to allow the hand of the operator to be slipped underneath. The doll and controller are hung up by this loop when not in use.

All strings from the body to the cross are to be held


"B" IS A PIECE OF STRING TO HANG UP PUPPET — WHEN NOT IN USE
"C" THIS STICK IS CONNECTED WITH THE KNEES AND IS HELD IN RIGHT HAND
"C"
THIS HOLE FITS OVER PEG "A" OF CONTROLLER WHEN NOT IN USE.
"D" FROM 2 POINTS ARE FIXED STRINGS WHICH CONNECT HANDS.
"E" FROM THIS POINT A STRING CONNECTS TO MIDDLE OF BACK. TILT UPWARDS AND FIGURE BENDS FORWARD
"F". FROM POINTS AT EACH ARE CONNECTED SIDES OF HEAD. BEND FIGURE SLIGHTLY FORWARD. THEN TILT "F—F" AND PUPPETS HEAD WILL TURN RIGHT AND LEFT.
B
A
E
F
D
D
F
THIS FIGURE IS ATTACHED THROUGH HEAD WITH STRAIGHT PIECE OF WIRE. THESE PUPPETS ARE SIMPLER TO OPERATE BUT NOT SO EFFECTIVE

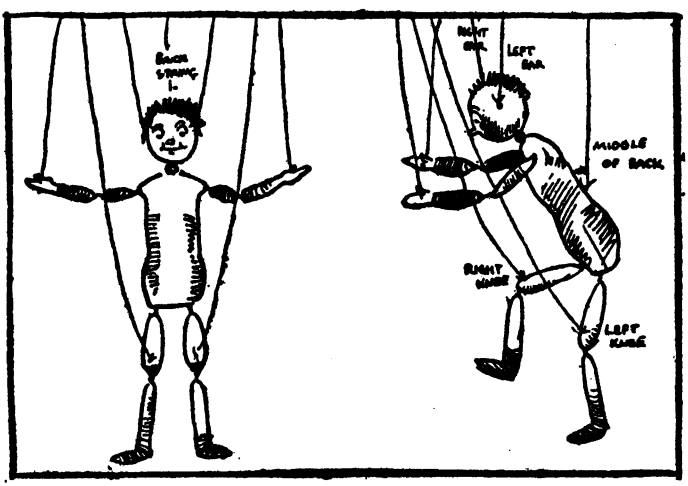
in the operator's left hand, the hand itself slipped under the strap. The strings from the sides of the head are attached to the ends of the arms of the cross. A twist makes the head of the puppet turn, tilting makes the puppet bow. The strings from the wrists are fastened to the short end of the cross. (See drawing.)

The knee-strings are attached to a separate, straight stick, about eight inches long, to be held in the operator's right hand. When it is twisted back and forth, the feet

lift alternately. When this twisting is accompanied by a forward movement of the main controller, as it is called, from which the doll hangs suspended, a walk is accomplished.

There is a hole in the middle of the stick which controls the leg-strings, designed to slip over a knob on the short end of the main controller. The object of this is merely to free the right hand of the operator, when the puppet is not walking, so that he may devote both hands to the manipulation of the other strings. This is a very simple device, easily fashioned with a penknife.

It is a good plan to arrange the amateur performance in such a way that the dolls may sit on chairs, or benches, as



much as possible, as it is easier to operate them while they are seated, the hands of the operator being left free from holding the leg-strings, so that they may be used for working the head- and hand-strings, as has been said.

A child who has a gift for modeling, may make fascinating character heads for marionettes with modeling wax, which becomes hard in a short time. It can be bought at any art store. If these wax heads are to be

made permanent, they should be covered with some fine gauze, soaked in glue, which, when it dries, will form a hard, protecting surface, which may be painted.

Suggestions for giving marionette entertainments at home, and two fairy plays for home-made marionettes, are given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI

Two Fairy-Plays for Home-made Marionettes: With an Introduction Which Tells How to Give Marionette Entertainments at Home

While there is opportunity for the exercise of ingenuity and individual taste in staging, on the part of the children who plan to present these little plays for marionettes, a few words of suggestion about arranging a marionette entertainment at home will probably prove helpful.

The plays themselves were written expressly for home-made marionettes and have been kept purposely simple and within the capabilities of children to produce. There are no difficult feats for the dolls to perform; the characters and changes of scene are few; and the properties are such as are likely to be found in any well-furnished play-room.

Directions for building and setting up the stage, for stage lighting, also for making and manipulating puppets, are given in a preceding chapter. These suggestions will help the children in the practical arrangement of the entertainment, after the all-important matter of preparing the show itself has been completed.

The play should be given, if possible, in a room where there is a piano, so that there may be music before the curtain goes up and during the changing of the scenes; also to accompany the little songs which are a part of the plays. The music for the songs, which are given in the text, may be found in "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes Set to Music," by J. W. Elliott, published by McLoughlin Brothers, Inc.

A toy music box may be used with good effect for all music but the accompaniment of songs and dances. Its quaint tinkle is in the spirit of the puppet show.

The lines are usually spoken by the "puppeteers," or operators, who move the marionettes about the stage. In

a marionette play given by children, however, the young puppeteers may find it too difficult to move the dolls and speak the lines at the same time. In that case some grown person—mother, governess, or elder sister—may read the lines as the little people work the strings which control the marionettes. They must take care, of course,

to "suit the action to the word," so that the dolls make the gestures appropriate to the words which are being read. A grown person might also keep an eye on the strings, and if they become tangled give the signal to ring down the curtain.

The first thing to do is to appoint a stage director and a property man. It will be the duty of the property man to be responsible for all properties and for the necessary changes of scene. He must be sure to have all properties in readiness, so that the scenes may be shifted without unnecessary delay. He may, also, raise and lower the curtain. A bell should be rung as a signal for putting out the lights and raising the curtain.

The stage director will call rehearsals and drill the puppeteers. His is the responsibility for the success of the show and the final authority for all matters connected with it.

If the puppeteers are to speak the lines for the dolls they operate, there must be a prompter. It will be the duty of the prompter to hold the book—back of the scenes, of course—and follow the words as they are spoken, so as to be ready to prompt if anybody forgets his lines.

The children must agree which parts they are to take; that is, which doll each one is to operate and speak for. Every puppet requires one person to manipulate it.

Many rehearsals make a successful entertainment; and lines to be spoken should be thoroughly memorized. The less prompting, the better.

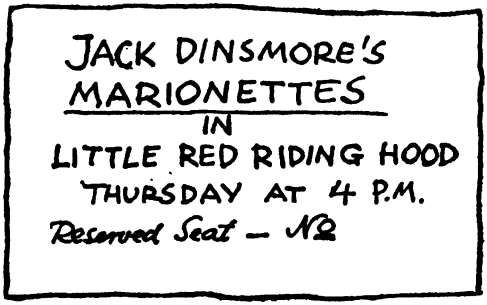
If the entertainment is to be given for a real audience, there are tickets and programmes to be thought of. For tickets, use blank cards, and print as on next page.

The programmes you may make as elaborate as you choose. The important things to remember are to give the name of the play, the scenes, the characters, and the names of the children who take part in the entertainment.

If one of the children is good at drawing, it would be attractive to have a sketch of each marionette on the programme, with a verse printed alongside. Sketches by Mr. Sarg and verses for this purpose are given in connec-

tion with both of the plays. Suggestions for costumes may be found in any illustrated book of fairy-tales.

After the stage is ready, the company well drilled, the properties collected, the tickets and programmes prepared,



the room must be arranged for the entertainment. Chairs must be placed in rows facing the stage, a child must be stationed at the door to take tickets, and another must be appointed to darken the room before the curtain goes up. The room must always be dark while the play is going on if the stage is lighted.

The children themselves may think of attractive bits of "business," as it is called, to add to the action of plays, as it is indicated in the text. By "business" is simply meant action, which supplements the spoken words. A little dance may be added, a dog may do some tricks—that is "business." Children may employ their own ingenuity in working out additional lines and gestures, as well as bits of business. They should be kept in the spirit of the play and the test of their rightness is whether they are understood and enjoyed by the audience.

SNOW-WHITE AND THE DWARFS

A PLAY FOR MARIONETTES IN FIVE SCENES, BY ANNE STODDARD

Scene I.—The QUEEN'S *bedchamber.*

Plain back-drop is used. A mirror is placed centre back; a chair is before it. A spinet and bench, left.

The QUEEN *sits before the mirror, admiring herself, with her back to the audience. Her long, fair hair falls to her knees.* SNOW-WHITE *sits at the spinet. She plays and sings. A piano is used off-stage for the music.*

SNOW-WHITE. [*Singing.*]

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them, etc.

QUEEN. [*She claps her hands to her ears.*] Oh, la, la, la! Will you never cease that humming and strumming! It drives me distracted.

SNOW-WHITE. I am sorry, Stepmother. [*She rises from the bench.*] I thought you liked to hear me sing. Shall I brush your hair for you?

QUEEN. No, no, no! Certainly not! An awkward girl like you would be sure to snarl it. [*She tosses her head.*] There, now! It is snarled already. [*She flounces about spitefully.*]

SNOW-WHITE. I am sorry, Stepmother. Shall I dance for you?

QUEEN. Oh, yes, I suppose so. [*She taps the floor with her foot impatiently.*] You have to be doing something every minute, I know that.

[*Music off-stage and* SNOW-WHITE *does a pretty little dance. The* QUEEN *does not look at her, but studies her own face in the glass and touches her hair and gown.*]

QUEEN. Some people would think you pretty, no doubt, with your red and black and white. I never could abide that coloring myself. There is something very beautiful about blonde hair—like mine. It makes one think of new-minted gold with the sun

glistening on it. And I adore blue eyes—eyes like forget-me-nots under running water. Do you not admire blue eyes like mine, Snow-White?

SNOW-WHITE. Yes, indeed, Stepmother. I wish I had blue eyes and golden hair, myself; but, you see, my own dear mother always wished for a baby with hair as black as ebony, cheeks as red as blood, and skin as white as snow, so her fairy godmother sent me in answer to her wish.

QUEEN. A funny kind of wish! "Black as ebony, red as blood, and white as snow," forsooth! Tell me, Snow-White, did you ever see anyone so pretty as I am?

SNOW-WHITE. No, indeed. At least, I think not.

QUEEN. [*Mimicing her.*] You think not, eh? Well, I will tell you—I am the most beautiful person in the world! And my mirror knows it. This is an enchanted mirror, if you must know it. It can answer when I speak to it.

SNOW-WHITE. [*She raises her hands in surprise.*] Enchanted? Really? Pray, speak to it, Stepmother, and let us hear what it will say.

QUEEN. [*Rising and making passes with her hands before the mirror.*]

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?

MIRROR. [*A little bell rings like tinkling glass.*]

Queen, thou art fair; that I hold,
But Snow-White is fairer a thousandfold.

[*The bell rings again.*]

QUEEN. [*She strikes the mirror.*] Be still, be still, you wicked mi ror! You are not telling the truth. What is the matter with you? You shall tell me again; and tell the truth this time, mind you!

[*She steps back and waves her hands, as before.*]

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,
Which is the fairest of us all?

MIRROR. [*The bell rings, as before.*]

Queen, thou art fair; the truth I told,
But Snow-White is fairer a thousandfold.

[*The bell rings again.*]

QUEEN. [*Turning to* SNOW-WHITE *angrily.*] What have you done, you wretched girl? You have bewitched my magic mirror! You have, I say! You miserable chit, you simpering black-and-white witch, you shall pay for this! [*She strikes* SNOW-WHITE.]

SNOW-WHITE. Oh, please, Stepmother! I have not done anything. Truly I have not. [*She bursts into tears, with her hands before her face.*]

QUEEN. We'll see about that. [*She calls.*] Redbeard! Redbeard, I say!

[*Enter Huntsman.*]

REDBEARD. [*Bowing low.*] Majesty!

QUEEN. Redbeard, this girl is a witch. She has put a spell on my mirror, my very choicest possession, so that it does not tell the truth any more. Dear knows what she will be magicing next. Our very lives are not safe, while she is about, casting her evil spells. [*She lowers her tone.*] Take her out into the forest and kill her.

REDBEARD. [*Bowing.*] Majesty, your will is law. Come, Princess. [*He lays his hand on* SNOW-WHITE'S *shoulder.*]

SNOW-WHITE. [*Weeping bitterly.*] Oh, please, please, Stepmother! Please do not send me into the forest.

QUEEN. Go, go, you simpering baggage! Go, before I make an end of you myself. [*Exeunt* REDBEARD *and* SNOW-WHITE.] "Black as ebony, red as blood, and white as snow," indeed! I'll ebony you! [*She shakes her fist after them.*]

CURTAIN.

Scene II.—The Forest.

Green back-drop, stenciled with trees, is used. A small log of wood, which will serve as a fallen tree, is the only property required for this scene.

[*Enter Huntsman, leading* SNOW-WHITE.]

SNOW-WHITE. Oh, good Huntsman, I am so weary I cannot walk another step. My feet are bruised with the stones and my flesh is torn with the briars. Pray, good Redbeard, let me rest a little.

REDBEARD. [*He points to the fallen tree.*] Here is a fallen tree. Sit here and rest, then.

SNOW-WHITE. It will be good to rest awhile. Thank you, Huntsman. But—but— [*She begins to cry.*]

REDBEARD. Why do you weep, Princess? What is the matter?

SNOW-WHITE. I heard my stepmother tell you to kill me.

REDBEARD. Her Majesty did say something of that sort.

SNOW-WHITE. [*She falls on her knees.*] Please, please, do not

kill me! I do not want to die. If you will spare me, I will run away into the wild forest and never come back. I will hide in the woods and the Queen will never, never see me again.

REDBEARD. [*He seats himself on the log.*] Between ourselves, Princess, I never thought of killing you. I could not kill a little maid with such red cheeks and black hair—no, not if forty queens ordered me to do it.

SNOW-WHITE. How good you are, Redbeard! How kind and noble! Thank you, thank you, thank you. [*She seats herself beside him on the log.*]

REDBEARD. How will you fare in the forest, Princess? Surely wild beasts will eat you up, if you roam through the woods by yourself. As we passed, I saw a little house by a hemlock tree on the edge of the clearing—a tidy cottage with smoke curling from its chimney. Gray as a wasp's nest, it was, and the thatch green with moss. The path to the door was sprinkled with white pebbles. Perchance good folk live there who will give you shelter.

SNOW-WHITE. Yes, yes, I saw the little house, and thought how cozy it looked, and wished that I might stop and rest there. Oh, I shall be as bold as a lion! I shall walk up the pebbly path and knock on the door; and I shall say [*She jumps up, laughing, and curtseys to an imaginary person*]: "Good day, Sir or Madam, I am Snow-White. May I come and live with you?" [*To the Huntsman.*] What shall you say to the Queen, when you go back?

REDBEARD. [*Rising.*] I have thought of a fine plan. As I return through the forest, I will shoot a faun and, drawing out the arrow still wet with blood, I will smear it on my hands and on my jacket. Then Her Majesty will believe—you know what she will believe, Princess.

SNOW-WHITE. Alas!

REDBEARD. And now I must be on my way, if I am to reach the palace before nightfall. Farewell, Princess! [*He bends over her hand, kissing it.*]

SNOW-WHITE. Farewell, good Redbeard. If ever Snow-White is rich or powerful or happy again, she will know how to reward you!

[*Exit Huntsman.* SNOW-WHITE *stands, waving her hand as he departs.*]

CURTAIN.

Scene III.—The House of the Dwarfs.

Plain back-drop is used. A bed is placed at the back. A table set with food and dishes for three persons occupies the foreground. A long bench stands behind the table.

There is no one on the stage when the curtain goes up. Knocking is heard at the door and SNOW-WHITE *enters. This part of the play is done in pantomime.* SNOW-WHITE *walks around the room and touches everything. She seats herself on the bench and tastes the food at each place.*

SNOW-WHITE. I am very hungry indeed. [*She settles down to her supper. When she has finished, she tries the bed and lies down to sleep.*] Ah-h-h! [*She sighs comfortably.*] I am very, very sleepy!

[*Enter the three* DWARFS. *They do not see* SNOW-WHITE.]

FIRST DWARF. Come, brothers. I left our supper on the table. Let us eat.

[*The* DWARFS *inspect the table.*]

SECOND DWARF. Who has been nibbling my cheese?

THIRD DWARF. Somebody has been here! Somebody has been eating off my plate!

FIRST DWARF. Who has been crumbling my bread?

SECOND DWARF. Who has been tasting my porridge?

THIRD DWARF. Who has been using my fork?

FIRST DWARF. Who has been cutting with my knife?

THIRD DWARF. Who has been drinking out of my cup?

[*The* SECOND DWARF *goes to the bed.*]

SECOND DWARF. Come here, brothers! Come here! Here is a little girl, asleep in my bed!

[*The other two turn to the bed.*]

THIRD DWARF. What a pretty little girl! And how soundly she sleeps! It must be she who has eaten our supper.

FIRST DWARF. She is tired, perhaps, with walking in the forest. [*To* SECOND DWARF.] You may share my bed in the loft, brother, and the pretty little girl may sleep as long as she likes.

SNOW-WHITE. [*Springing up.*] Where am I? I must have been asleep. [*She rubs her eyes.*] Oh, Sirs! I am so, so sorry. I ate some of your supper, because I was very hungry, and I went to sleep in your bed, because I was very tired walking so long in the wood.

FIRST DWARF. That is all right, little girl. What is your name?

SNOW-WHITE. My name is Snow-White and I am the Queen's stepdaughter. It is very kind of you not to be angry with me.

SECOND DWARF. How did you get into our house, little Snow-White?

SNOW-WHITE. [*She bursts into tears.*] The Queen wants to kill me. She told Redbeard, the Huntsman, to make an end of me in the forest—but he let me go, so I came here.

FIRST DWARF. You must live with us, little Snow-White. And since we are poor, perhaps you will keep the house tidy for us and cook our food?

SNOW-WHITE. That I will gladly, kind Dwarf.

FIRST DWARF. Will you look after our household, cook our food, make the beds, wash, sew and knit, and keep everything neat and clean? Then you shall stay and want for nothing.

SNOW-WHITE. Yes, indeed, I will. With all my heart. [*She curtseys to each of the* DWARFS *in turn and they bow awkwardly to her.*]

FIRST DWARF. But you must beware of your wicked stepmother, who will soon learn that you are here and will come to do you a mischief. You must not let anyone into the house while we are away at work.

SNOW-WHITE. I will be very careful and will not let anyone in.

SECOND DWARF. Then, let's to supper.

SNOW-WHITE. I have eaten, thank you.

FIRST DWARF. Come, brothers. Draw up to the table. There is plenty of supper for all of us.

[*They seat themselves at the table and eat, while* SNOW-WHITE *busies herself straightening the bed. As she does so, she hums "Little Bo-Peep."*]

CURTAIN.

Scene IV.—The House of the DWARFS.

A week has passed since the last scene. The stage-setting is the same as before, except that food and dishes have been removed from the table, which has been pushed to one side.

SNOW-WHITE *is discovered alone on the stage. She has a feather duster pinned into her hand and whisks about, tidying the room. She sings, "Little Bo-Peep" as she dusts; then does a pretty little dance to amuse herself. Music off stage. While she is dancing the* QUEEN *comes in, disguised as a*

market woman, with a shawl over her head. She has a basket of apples on her arm.

QUEEN. Are the Dwarfs at home?

SNOW-WHITE. [*She jumps and raises both hands.*] How you startled me! Pray, Madam, who are you? And how did you get in? I am forbidden to let anyone into the house.

QUEEN. I lifted the latch and walked in. You are fond of singing, aren't you? You were singing so loudly, you did not hear me knocking. Are the Dwarfs at home?

SNOW-WHITE. No, they have gone to their work, digging for copper and gold in the mountain.

QUEEN. Ah! . . . That is too bad, for I have some fine apples to sell.

SNOW-WHITE. Apples? I love apples. Perhaps you will show them to me. I am housekeeper here and do all the marketing.

QUEEN. With pleasure. See, they are fine red apples. The flavor is excellent.

SNOW-WHITE. They look very good. Bring the basket here to the pantry and I will give you a silver coin for them.

[*Both exeunt. The basket is removed from the* QUEEN'S *arm, and the feather duster from* SNOW-WHITE'S *hand. An apple is pinned into* SNOW-WHITE'S *hand, in its place. The stage is empty during this operation, but the voices of the* QUEEN *and* SNOW-WHITE *are heard from the pantry.*]

QUEEN. Will you not taste before you buy? I can recommend the flavor. These apples are juicy, sweet and tart at the same time. Here is a fine, red one. Taste it, I beg of you.

SNOW-WHITE. Indeed, I will. Ah, here is my purse. The Dwarfs are poor, but very generous. They give me all their money to keep. Here is a silver coin. Is that enough?

QUEEN. Quite. And you have a fine bargain. [*Enter* QUEEN *and* SNOW-WHITE.] But eat the apple, I beseech you.

SNOW-WHITE. I will, thank you. [*She takes a bite.*] It is a delicious apple. [*She staggers suddenly and bends double, as if she were in pain.*] Oh, how strange I feel, Madam! I am dizzy! Oh, how dizzy I am!

QUEEN. Ha! Do you not yet recognize your dear stepmother, Snow-White?

SNOW-WHITE. Stepmother! You! Oh, how dizzy I am! Oh, what have you done to me? [*She sinks to the floor.*]

QUEEN. It is a poisoned apple, dear stepdaughter, a magic apple. The maid who eats of it shall fall into a long sleep. She shall sleep and sleep and shall not waken until a prince who loves her truly shall kiss her on the lips. Do you hear me, Snow-White?

SNOW-WHITE. [*She half rises and falls back again.*] Yes—yes—I hear you—but I am sleepy, so, so sleepy.

QUEEN. [*She makes passes with her hands over* SNOW-WHITE.] Sleep, sleep, sleep! [SNOW-WHITE *sighs and lies still.*] Ha! The charm holds good. So you thought I should believe that silly Huntsman's tale, did you? Ha, ha! you pretty baggage, it will be a long time before a Prince will find and kiss you here in the depths of the forest. "White as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony!" I am well rid of you!

CURTAIN.

Scene V.—The Forest.

The stenciled back-drop is used. SNOW-WHITE *lies on a little mound, decked with leaves and flowers. The* DWARFS *stand about her.*

FIRST DWARF. How pretty she is, with her black hair!

SECOND DWARF. How red her cheeks are!

THIRD DWARF. And how white her skin!

FIRST DWARF. I thought she would waken, if we brought her here into the forest. She loves the trees and the flowers and the birds. Perhaps the birds can waken her, or the soft little breezes.

THIRD DWARF. She does not stir. [*He bends over her.*] Wake up, little Snow-White! Wake up, pretty little friend! Alas! She does not waken.

SECOND DWARF. She kept our house tidy.

THIRD DWARF. And made the beds nicely.

SECOND DWARF. How good her cooking was! She never forgot that I like sausages.

THIRD DWARF. She did the marketing well and never wasted our money.

FIRST DWARF. How light-hearted she was around the house! Her feet were always dancing and she had always a song on her lips.

SECOND DWARF. [*To* FIRST DWARF.] Well, brother, we will leave you to watch by little Snow-White, and go home to pre-

pare our supper. There is nobody now to cook for us. Come, brother.

[*Exeunt* SECOND *and* THIRD DWARFS.]

FIRST DWARF. She does not stir. I can think of nothing to awaken her.

[*Enter the* PRINCE.]

PRINCE. Why are you so sorrowful, friend? And who is the maiden who lies so still?

FIRST DWARF. She is Snow-White, the Queen's stepdaughter, who kept our house tidy for us; and made our hearts glad with her pleasant ways.

PRINCE. And why does she lie so still?

FIRST DWARF. She sleeps and we cannot waken her. When I and my brothers returned from the mountain, where we had been digging for copper and gold, we found her, lying on the floor, asleep. And so she has been ever since. I think the wicked Queen, her stepmother, has laid a spell on her. My brothers and I carried her out into the forest, hoping that the birds, the flowers and the breezes, which she loves so much, might waken her.

PRINCE. It is a sad story. She is very beautiful.

FIRST DWARF. And very good.

PRINCE. [*Bending over* SNOW-WHITE.] What do I see? "White as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony!" My fairy-godmother bade me search the world over for a princess white as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony, and to wed no other. And, forsooth, I love this little Snow-White. [*He kneels and touches* SNOW-WHITE'S hand.] Awake, Princess, awake! Alas, she lies so still. [*To the* DWARF.] I pray you, good Dwarf, give Snow-White to me, and you shall have what you will, even to the half of my kingdom.

FIRST DWARF. We will not give Snow-White to you, for all the gold and lands in the wide world.

PRINCE. Then give her to me as a free gift, for I love Snow-White well; and I cannot live without her, even if I cannot waken her.

FIRST DWARF. Take our Princess, then, as a free gift, for I can see that you love her truly.

[*The* PRINCE *bends over* SNOW-WHITE *and kisses her. She stirs, sits up, and rubs her eyes.*]

SNOW-WHITE. Have I been asleep, dear Dwarf? I had such a bad dream about my stepmother. I dreamed she gave me an apple to eat and then I felt all queer and dizzy. [*The* PRINCE

helps her to rise.] And you, fair sir? Are you a stranger, who has lost his way in the wood?

PRINCE. Yes, Princess, I am Crown Prince of the Three Kingdoms; and I have lost my heart in the wood.

SNOW-WHITE. [*Curtseying.*] I used to be Snow-White, the Queen's stepdaughter—but I have slept so long, and so many things have happened that I hardly know who I am, now.

PRINCE. If you will, you shall be Princess of the Three Kingdoms, and one day queen, sweet Snow-White, for I love you better than anything in the wide world. Will you come with me to my father's castle?

SNOW-WHITE. With all my heart, Prince, I will go with you and be your true love for ever and ever—but first I must ask a favor of you.

PRINCE. Ask what you will, Princess, and it shall be granted.

SNOW-WHITE. The dear Dwarfs have been so kind to me, and made me very happy, while I lived with them; and Redbeard, the Huntsman, saved my life in the forest, when the Queen would have destroyed me. I should love to do something for them to show my gratitude and affection.

PRINCE. As you wish, sweet Princess—it is a gentle thought. [*To the* FIRST DWARF.] You shall be Chief Councilor of the Three Kingdoms, good Dwarf, and advise us about everything, for I can see that you are wise. [*The* DWARF *bows low.*] And your brothers and the Huntsman shall each have a fine piece of land and a castle and a bag of gold. Will that please you?

FIRST DWARF. [*Bowing again.*] Thanks, gentle Prince. Thanks, little Snow-White.

SNOW-WHITE. And I thank you, too, gentle Prince. [*She turns to the audience and stretches out both hands.*] Everybody is good to me. It is a happy world!

CURTAIN.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PROGRAMME OF SNOW-WHITE AND THE DWARFS

"Snow-White and the Dwarfs" is the name of the play
We have chosen our marionettes to display.
You'll see the Queen's bedchamber—scene number one—
And later the forest at set of the sun;
Then the house of the Dwarfs—scene three and scene four—
And the forest again, before the Dwarf's door.
The characters follow—the gentle, the vain—
Their names and their natures these rhymes will explain.

Here is the Queen. Her big eyes are blue
And her hair is like gold, but her heart is not true.

Here's our heroine, Snow-white, the gentle and meek,
Ebon-black are her tresses and rosy her cheek.

Here is the Mirror that hangs on the wall—
The truth it must speak in a voice sweet and small.

Here is the Huntsman, called Redbeard the Good,
For he led little Snow-White unhurt through the wood.

Here are the Dwarfs, so ugly and bent,
But their natures are kind and their
deeds are well meant.

And here is the Prince, so brave and so gay!
How he found little Snow-White you'll hear in our
play.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

A PLAY FOR MARIONETTES IN THREE SCENES, BY ANNE STODDARD

Scene I.—DAME RIDING-HOOD'S *kitchen.*

DAME RIDING-HOOD *is discovered standing by a table, mixing dough in a bowl. As she kneads it, she sings. A chair is beside the table.*

DAME RIDING-HOOD. [*Singing.*]

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after!

[*Enter* GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD.]

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Your song sounds cheerful, Wife. [DAME RIDING-HOOD *drops a curtsey.*] I heard you singing all the way over the hill where I was cutting down a tree, and then I remembered that it is baking day. I am getting hungry! It's a long time since breakfast. [*He sings.*]

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after!

DAME RIDING-HOOD. La, now! And you had three herrings for breakfast! What's the world coming to? But there! Men are always hungry, I know. Here's a little tart just out of the oven. [*She pushes a tart that stands on the table towards him.*]

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Good! I fancied you were baking something tasty. [*He sits down and eats.*] Where's our little daughter?

DAME RIDING-HOOD. She is out of doors, playing with her

dog. [*She goes to the door and calls.*] Red Riding-Hood! Red Riding-Hood! Red Riding-Hood!

[RED RIDING-HOOD *bounds in, followed by her dog, who frisks about her.*]

RED RIDING-HOOD. Oh, dear Mother! Oh, dear Father! [*To the dog.*] Go down, Tommy Tucker! Mother, Tommy has learned a new trick. Shall he show it to you?

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Yes.

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Yes, show us, Little Red Riding-Hood.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Well, then, I will. Now, Tommy Tucker, do your best and you know what you shall have. Good old Tommy! Now—remember! [*She holds up her hand and repeats*]

Little Tommy Tucker
Beg for your supper! [*The dog sits up and begs.*]

RED RIDING-HOOD.

Little Tommy Tucker
Sing for your supper! [*The dog howls.*]

There, Mother, doesn't he do that nicely? Now you shall have your bone, good doggie! Come along! [*She runs out, followed by the frisking dog.*]

DAME RIDING-HOOD. How our little girl is growing! I think I will send her over to her Grandmother's this morning with some of these tarts and a dozen new-laid eggs.

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. That's a good idea. And when I finish chopping down the big hemlock tree on the hill, I'll carry a bunch of faggots over to the old lady. She's poorly and we ought to do everything we can for her.

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Yes, she is sick abed, poor old lady. Perhaps it will cheer her up to see Red Riding-Hood. She is such a dear little girl. [*She hesitates a moment.*] But she will have to go through the wood. It is a lonely path. Suppose something should happen to her? It frightens me to think of it.

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Nonsense, Wife. [*He rises from the table.*] You are always supposing and supposing, and nothing ever happens. Besides, I shall be in the wood myself, chopping. You forget that.

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Very well, then—'though I don't feel easy about it. Here comes the child. [RED RIDING-HOOD *enters.*] How would you like to go to see your Granny this morning, Red Riding-Hood? And take her a little basket of eggs and some tarts and a glass of jelly?

RED RIDING-HOOD. Oh, goody, goody! [*She jumps up and down.* TOMMY *jumps too and barks.*]

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Come into the pantry, then, and I will give you your basket. It is all ready. I packed it as soon as breakfast was over.

[*Exit* DAME RIDING-HOOD *and* RED RIDING-HOOD. *They return at once,* RED RIDING-HOOD *with a basket, covered with a napkin, on her left arm. While they are off stage,* GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD *dances about, singing, "Jack and Jill," etc.*]

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Be sure to ask your Granny how she is feeling to-day; and offer to sweep up the hearth with the little broom, or to fetch her anything she wants.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Yes, Mother. Good-bye, Mother! Good-bye, Father!

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Good-bye, Red Riding-Hood. Go straight along the wood path to your Granny's house and don't linger along the way.

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Good-bye, little daughter!

[RED RIDING-HOOD *dances out, followed by the frisking dog.*]

DAME RIDING-HOOD. Oh, take care! Take care! You will break the eggs and spill the jelly!

RED RIDING-HOOD. Forgive me, dear Mother. I will be, oh so careful. [*The parents wave their hands to her.*]

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Well, I must be getting back to work. Some folks might say it was a hard life, chopping wood—plenty of work and little enough money—but I like it. I like to hear the birds singing in the woods, to watch the bright clouds and to listen to the sweet sound of the breezes talking to the trees. Kings on their thrones don't have time for such things, Mother. Well, I must be going. [*He waves and goes out.*]

CURTAIN

Scene II.—The Wood.

Outdoor back-drop is used. There is a large stone in the foreground. RED RIDING-HOOD *comes slowly through the trees with her dog.* TOMMY TUCKER *chases imaginary rabbits, dashing about with sharp barking.*

RED RIDING-HOOD. Oh, you funny little dog. [*She laughs.*] Come here, Tommy Tucker, you silly puppy. What are you about? There are no rabbits behind that rock.

TOMMY TUCKER. Wow! Woof!

RED RIDING-HOOD. Do you want to play "Bow, Wow, Wow"? [TOMMY *wags his tail and capers about.*] Very well, then. I'll

sit down on this stone and rest a little. I'm sure Mother won't mind, for it's a long way to Granny's house, isn't it, Tommy? And I am tired. The basket is heavy, too. [*She seats herself on the rock.*] How pretty it is here with all the violets and may-flowers!

TOMMY TUCKER. Bow Wow!

RED RIDING-HOOD. All right, if you want to. Ready? [TOMMY *stands alert.* RED RIDING-HOOD *raises her hand.*] Ready? Bow! Wow! Wow! [*Short, sharp.*] Whose dog art thou?

TOMMY TUCKER. Bow! Wow! Wow! [*He imitates with a sharp bark.*]

RED RIDING-HOOD. Little Tom Tinker's dog!
Bow! Wow! Wow!

TOMMY TUCKER. Bow! Wow! Wow!

RED RIDING-HOOD. Good doggie! Good Tommy! [*She pats him.*] I wish I had a bone or a piece of cake to give you, but Mother wouldn't like it, if I took anything out of Granny's basket.

TOMMY TUCKER. Ur—ghrr—ghrr—ghrr— [*He growls and looks down the path.*]

RED RIDING-HOOD. What's the matter, Tommy? Don't be naughty. What is it?

[*Enter the* WOLF. RED RIDING-HOOD *jumps up in alarm and retreats a pace or two.*]

THE WOLF. Good-morning, Red Riding-Hood.

RED RIDING-HOOD. [*Politely.*] Good-morning, Sir! [TOMMY *growls.*]

THE WOLF. You are looking bonny, Red Riding-Hood—very juicy, I might say. Where are you going this fine morning?

RED RIDING-HOOD. I am going to my granny's house.

THE WOLF. And where is your granny's house?

RED RIDING-HOOD. Over there at the end of the path. See! You can just see the smoke from the chimney curling over the tree tops.

THE WOLF. Yes, yes, I see, I see. And your granny? Is she a plump old lady? A nice, fat, juicy old lady?

RED RIDING-HOOD. Oh, no, sir! She is quite, quite thin. But she is a nice granny. She bakes cookies for me when she is well. To-day she is sick abed.

THE WOLF. So that's it? Sick abed, is she? What have you in your basket?

RED RIDING-HOOD. Little tarts and a dozen eggs and a glass

of jelly for Granny. I have walked very slowly and very carefully, so as not to break the eggs, or spill the jelly.

THE WOLF. [*Sniffing at the basket.*] I like tarts! I like jelly, too, but I like little girls better. You're a plump little girl.

RED RIDING-HOOD. [*Backing away in alarm.*] I must be going. Come, Tommy. [TOMMY *growls.*]

THE WOLF. Not so fast, not so fast. I may have something to say about that. [*The ringing strokes of an axe are heard.*] What's that noise?

RED RIDING-HOOD. Oh, that is my father's axe. He is cutting down a big tree on the hill.

THE WOLF. Oh, ho! That makes a difference in my plans—I didn't know your father was so near. I think I'll be on my way, Red Riding-Hood. I run very fast and perhaps I shall see you again. You are such a juicy, tender little girl. I love you enough to eat you up, Red Riding-Hood. [*He lopes away in the direction of the grandmother's house.*]

RED RIDING-HOOD. Mother sometimes says she would like to eat me up, too—but it sounds different, when she says it. I don't like Mr. Wolf very much, do you, Tommy?

CURTAIN

Scene III.—The Grandmother's House.

A closet with open top and without any back is placed stage-left, as far front as possible. The door of the closet stands open. The GRANDMOTHER *is in bed. She coughs and turns over.*

GRANDMOTHER. Deary me! Deary me! Deary me! [*She coughs again.* THE WOLF *knocks on the door.*] Who's there?

THE WOLF. It is little Red Riding-Hood with a basket of goodies.

GRANDMOTHER. Press the latch, open the door, and walk in.

[THE WOLF *opens the door and the* GRANDMOTHER *screams and jumps out of bed.* THE WOLF *makes a bound for her and chases her around the room with great snarling and screaming. He drives her into the closet and slams the door. Sound of slamming door back-stage. The operator reaches a hand into the closet from the back and closes the door, removing the* GRANDMOTHER, *until she is needed later in the scene.*]

GRANDMOTHER. [*Her voice comes faintly from the closet.*] Are you going to eat me up, Mr. Wolf? Please, please do not eat me.

THE WOLF. Eat you up? Not a bit of it. You are much too thin for a hungry wolf to make a dinner of! Hardly two mouthfuls on you. No, indeed! I am waiting for your sweet, tasty little granddaughter. There's a good meal for you—a delicious meal!

[*The* GRANDMOTHER *groans.*]

THE WOLF. Where is your cap, old woman? Tell me instantly, or I will bite your head off!

GRANDMOTHER. Upstairs in the bureau drawer. [THE WOLF *dashes out, stage-left. A knocking is heard at the door. He dashes back with the cap on and climbs into bed.*]

RED RIDING-HOOD. [*Outside—she knocks repeatedly.*] Let me in, Granny. It is little Red Riding-Hood come to wish you good-morning!

THE WOLF. Press the latch, open the door, and walk in.

[*Enter* RED RIDING-HOOD, *followed by her dog.*]

RED RIDING-HOOD. Good-morning, dear Granny. How are you today? Mother has sent you a basket full of goodies—little tarts, eggs and a glass of jelly. [*She approaches the bed and shrinks back.*] Oh, Grandmother! What big ears you have!

[*The dog gives a sharp yip and runs out of the open door.*]

THE WOLF. All the better to hear you with, my dear!

RED RIDING-HOOD. What big eyes you have, Grandmother!

THE WOLF. All the better to see you with, my child!

RED RIDING-HOOD. [*Whimpering.*] But—but—Grandmother—what a big nose you have!

THE WOLF. All the better to smell you with, my child!

[*He rises in bed.*]

RED RIDING-HOOD. [*Crying.*] And what big teeth you have, Grandmother!

THE WOLF. All the better to eat you up with, my child. [*He springs out of bed and makes a dash for* RED RIDING-HOOD. *She screams and runs out. The basket is removed from her arm.*]

[*Enter* GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD, *stage-right, with his axe. He is followed by* TOMMY TUCKER.]

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. [*Striking* THE WOLF *with the axe.*] Take that, you wicked wolf! And that! [*They fight, with great snarling from* THE WOLF, *who is killed by* GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD.]

[*He kicks the dead wolf off the stage.*]

RED RIDING-HOOD [*Enters*]. Oh, Father! Father! Father! [*She runs to him.*]

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. Don't be frightened, little Red Riding-Hood. The wicked wolf is dead. I killed him with my good axe. But where is your grandmother?

RED RIDING-HOOD. I do not know. [*Calling.*] Granny! Granny!

GRANDMOTHER. Here I am—in the closet. Let me out! Undo the door!

GOODMAN RIDING-HOOD. [*Opens the door and the* GRANDMOTHER *comes out.*] Well, mother, I am glad to see you safe and sound. But if it had not been for Tommy Tucker here, who came to fetch me, I might not have been in time to save our little girl from the wolf.

GRANDMOTHER. You are a good dog, Tommy—a fine, brave dog. Grandmother has a bone for you! [TOMMY *capers about proudly.*]

RED RIDING-HOOD. I brought you a basket, dear Granny, that Mother sent you; and I didn't break any of the eggs, or spill any of the jelly.

GRANDMOTHER. Bless the dear child. Thank you, my dear!

RED RIDING-HOOD. I am so happy, so, so happy, that the old wolf is dead!

GRANDMOTHER. So are we all happy, all very happy, that the wicked wolf is dead. Something always happens to wicked people—they always come to a bad end.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Let us dance a little, because we are happy! What do you say, Granny? Come on, dear Granny! Come on, dear father! All take hands this way. Here we go—

[*They dance and sing "Hey, diddle, diddle," etc.*]

CURTAIN

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE
PROGRAMME OF
LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

"Little Red Riding-Hood"—that is the play
Our puppets will give for your pleasure to-day.

It is laid in three scenes, a cottage, a wood,
And the pleasant farm kitchen of Dame Riding-Hood.
You'll learn from the pictures and verses below
The names of the dollies who act in the show.

This is Red Riding-Hood, merry and sweet,
Whom the wicked old wolf was planning to eat.

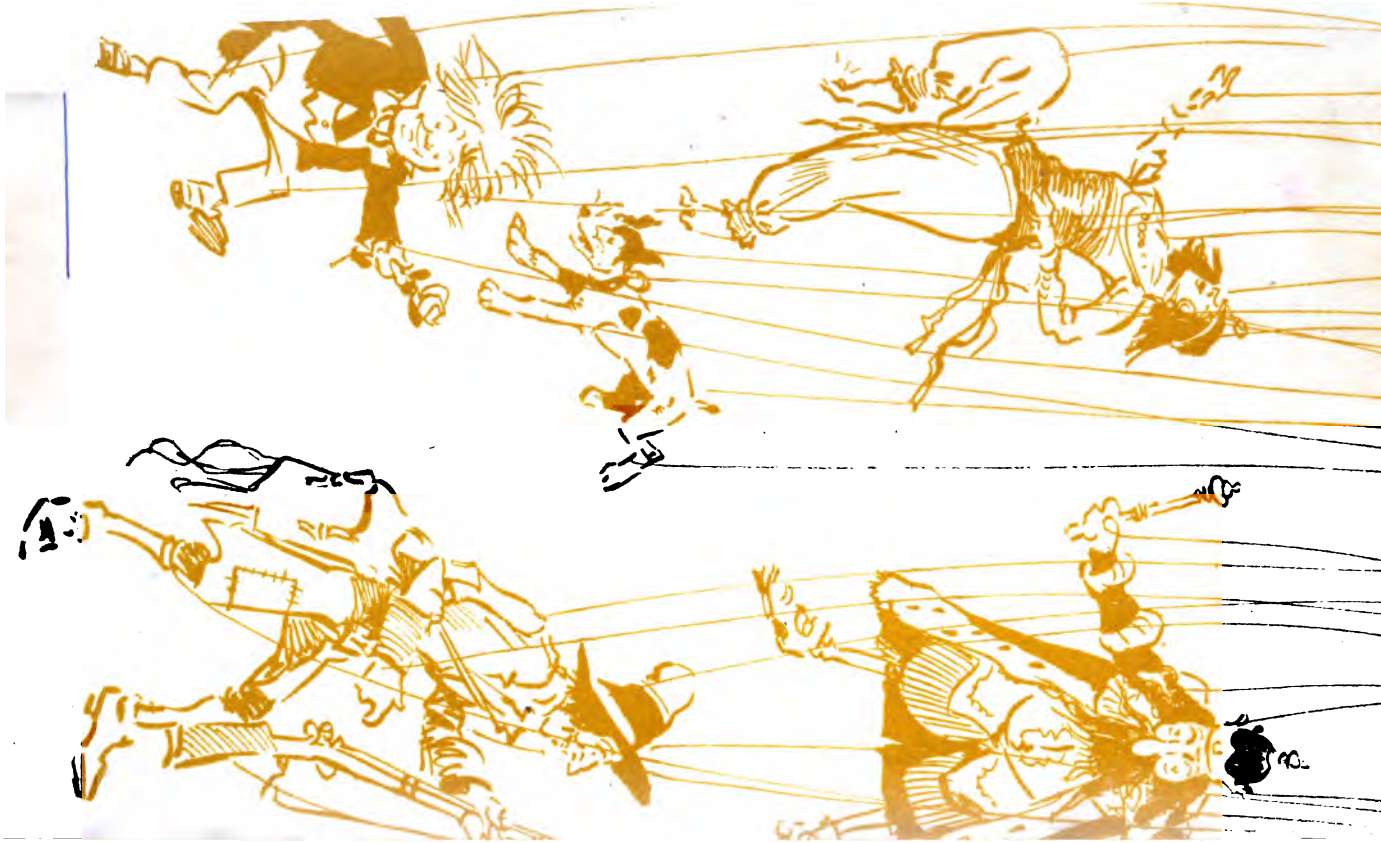
This is the father of Red Riding-Hood
Who chopped down the trees that grew in the wood.

This is the mother, good Dame Riding-Hood,
Who brought up her daughter to do as she should.

This is the doggie, the brave Tommy Tucker,
Who knew how to beg and to sing for his supper.

This is the Granny, who lay sick abed
With her specs on her nose and her cap on her head.

This is the Wolf, crafty, cruel and gray,
To hear what he did, give heed to our play.



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